



she set him down, and began to pull off his Cloaths. He did not know what to think; but cry'd; Then she call'd him Names, and told him, that if he did not hold his Tongue, she would whip him till the Blood came. She then stripp'd him naked and left him. The poor Child now cried ready to break his Heart, The Wind blew, and he was very cold; he grew hungry, but had no Body to give him any Victuals. He cried and sobb'd in vain, for no body came to him, it was quite dark, and he all alone. At last he fell asleep, and did not awake till the Morning, when he was found by a poor Countryman, who asked him, how he came there naked, what was his Name, and where he lived? The poor little Child told him as well as he could; when the Man pulled off his Great Coat, wrapped him up in it, and carried him Home. His Pappa and Mamma had been almost wild with Grief; they had sent every where they could think of to seek for him, and as soon as they saw the Man, who opened the Coat as he came into the House, they cried out for Joy; received the poor Child with open Arms, and said with Tears of Joy running down their Cheeks, that they did not mind the Loss of his Cloaths, since their dear Child was safe. O how much should Children love their Pappas and Mammias, who